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OR,

REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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VOL. I.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE LOCKET.

(Concluded.)

IMPATIENT to ascertain Harriet's real sentiments towards him, Bellamy had returned to her residence to procure another interview before he rejoined his friend. If he could find Harriet alone, he resolved to persuade her to an immediate elopement; if not, to act as circumstances might direct.

It so happened, however, that Harriet was not at home, and the door was opened by Lydia, whose dress, according to rural custom, was exactly like that of her absent friend. The impatient Bellamy seized her in his arms, and attempted to ravish a kiss, which she only prevented by avertting her face, and struggling violently. Not doubting but he was contending with the little coquet who had fascinated him in the morning, and attributing her resistance to sudden alarm, or the apprehension of their conversation being overheard, he entreated her to hear him.

"Listen to me a moment, sweet girl!" said he, in a low voice. "I swear to Heaven I love you better than life, and cannot live without you. I have no desire but to make you happy. The moment is propitious—fly with me to a scene where wealth and pleasure await you!"

Without replying, the terrified Lydia broke from his arms, flew into the house, and fastened the door. Bellamy's vanity was somewhat startled by the ill success of his enterprise, and for a moment his confidence in Harriet's affection was a little shaken. Happening to cast his eye upon the ground, however, and seeing the LOCKET, which had escaped from the fair one's bosom in the struggle, he seized the glittering prize, under the full impression that she had voluntarily dropped it there for that very purpose.

"I see it all," said he. "To lull suspicion, she pretends to shun my advances, while she artfully drops a token of affection at my feet. This trophy will convince the incredulous Blandford that my conquests are not all empty boasts."

How far Bellamy succeeded in this laudable intention of convincing his friend, the reader has already seen. Anxious himself to clear up the mystery, he readily consented to conduct him to the spot, where they arrived just as Harriet had returned, and before she had entered the house.

"Stay, lovely girl, one moment," exclaimed the confident Bellamy, "until I apologize for the alarm which my ill-timed proposal must have given you, when this LOCKET came into my possession."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"You see how it is, Charles" addressing his friend in a low voice; "the sly thing won't confess it in your presence. I say, my dear, you need be under no restraint on this subject. My friend here is in my confidence, and may be trusted. He is acquainted with every circumstance; he is, indeed."

"Then he has the advantage of me, sir," replied Harriet; "for I am totally ignorant of any circumstance connected with the subject of your inquiry."

A long conversation ensued, in which Harriet, very naturally, denied all knowledge of the LOCKET, or its owner, and Blandford departed under the full conviction that Bellamy had not dealt ingenuously with him in the account he gave of its coming into his possession. Bellamy remained to have a private interview with Harriet, from whom he had no doubt of obtaining an explanation as soon as they were alone. But in this expectation he found himself disappointed—she still denied any knowledge of the trinket. So confident was she that Lydia could never have had it in her possession, without her knowledge, that an idea of the real truth never once occurred to her mind, till Bellamy mentioned her name.

All was now explained. Bellamy departed in search of his friend, while Harriet hastened to impart the circumstances to Lydia.

Very different, however, were the sensations of the lovers, on finding themselves so near each other. Blandford was in raptures—Lydia in tears. The one dying with impatience for an interview—the other determined to avoid one. Harriet expostulated in vain; Lydia still retained all her former affection for her lover, but she was too proud to renew an intercourse which would necessarily expose her to the insults of his haughty family; nor could all the arguments of her friend induce her to relax in this determination.

In this state of affairs, the waiter of the Eagle tavern arrived with a letter, addressed to herself, which she was on the point of returning unopened, when Harriet seized it, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"My dearest, long-sought Lydia—

"After months of fruitless search and heartfelt agony, accident has at length discovered to me your residence. I send this to prepare you for an interview, if you will have the goodness to grant one.—There now exists no impediment to our public union, if your heart remains unaltered. My high-minded father now sleeps low in the dust. He was an Englishman, you know, and that will account for his

only foible, which was family pride. The aunt, whose affection and respect you had some reason to doubt, has returned to England to end her days. My little sister ardently desires to embrace you. If Lydia is unchanged, happiness awaits us both.

"Your devoted CHARLES."

The reader can easily anticipate the result. They were married, and now live happily, alternately in the city, and at their seat in the neighbourhood of Lydia's brother William, who was united to his Harriet at the same time. Bellamy returned to England to pursue his intrigues in a more congenial moral atmosphere, where we sincerely wish him a speedy reformation.

S.

LUCIUS AND MARIA.

At an early period of my life I became the friend of Lucius —, the only son of a respectable mechanic. Lucius had many faults and eccentricities, which often led him into difficulties, but he had a fond, a susceptible heart; his hand was "open as day to melting charity," and the unfortunate always found in him a firm friend; in fact, so prodigal was he of his benevolence, that he often found his purse inadequate to his will. His father, though kind, was too poor to follow his son in all his acts of (sometimes undeserved) charity; and when Lucius had attained his eighteenth year, entreated him to choose the path which he would wish to tread in after-life. Lucius preferred the sea, and shortly afterwards was bound an apprentice to an extensive India house in the city of N. Y. It was in this establishment that we first met. He signed the indentures in my presence. On his retiring to take his station on board of the ship that was ready to sail for Indja, he seized my hand—his grasp was returned with fervor. "Be my friend," said he; "and when I am gone deliver this letter to Maria Jarvis; and say, in addition to its contents, that her image shall ever console me in the hour of duty and danger." A few hours more, and my friend was ploughing the "trackless wave."

Mr. Jarvis, the father of Maria, was a wealthy merchant. He had resided many years in a foreign port, but owing to political disturbances, embarked for his native country. Maria, his only child, had but opened her eyes to the light, when her mother's spirit sought refuge in the arms of its Redeemer. Mr. Jarvis was not a man to dwell long on any subject, however serious; and his wife's death he only considered as an indispensable debt, payable on demand; to say and to act was to him one and the same thing. Vowing never again to marry, he retired, with his

daughter, to a pleasant little village a few miles from the city; wholly absorbed in the education of Maria, time rapidly winged its flight to the hour that brought her once more to the gay metropolis. There masters were provided for her; fame, with her loud clarion, soon proclaimed the accomplishments of the rich merchant's heiress—crowds of sighing swains were daily paying adoration to her loveliness in its early blooming—suitors came from every quarter—but she loved not. On the return of her natal day, her father proposed celebrating the event by a fete. Gay and artless, she acceded to the proposition with pleasure; the happy day arrived—all was joy and sunshine—the company came, worshipped, and departed; and it was said many hearts were lost. Lucius was one among the happy assemblage. On being introduced to the lovely Maria, speech was, for a few moments, denied him—he at length stammered a few incoherent compliments—their eyes met—'twas enough—**'THEY LOVED!—*****'**

Lucius faithfully served his time—was esteemed and beloved by the officers and crew. At the expiration of three years he petitioned and obtained a warrant in the navy. He was rapidly promoted. On the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, he received the appointment of Captain; his ambition was now satisfied, and he fearlessly demanded of Mr. Jarvis the hand and heart of his daughter. The loves of Lucius and Maria had so imperceptibly progressed, that their attachment was even unknown to Mr. J. He had, at intervals, been accustomed to the society of the gallant Captain, and candidly acknowledged his claim to public gratitude, but the idea of becoming his father-in-law was out of the question.—Why?....because—he was poor! When the Captain made known his wishes, Mr. Jarvis thus addressed him:

"Young man, you are brave—perhaps virtuous—but you possess not *wealth*. Do not deceive yourself; foster no vain hopes, for I have already provided my daughter with a suitable husband. She knows my will, and *must obey*."

"But, dear sir, consider our long and tried attachment."

"That matters not. Women are mere children;—a toy to-day, to-morrow 'tis broke—the next day a new one."

"Sir, I bear an honourable commission."

"True; but *you* are not rich."

"Her intended husband—"

"Is rich; you have my answer—venture not again to address me nor her on this subject. My servants in future shall have orders to refuse you admittance into this mansion. Good morning." Mr. Jarvis deliberately took his hat, and left our hero to his own reflections. He was soon aroused from his reverie by the entrance of Jane, the favourite maid of Maria.

"Do not be cast down, sir," said she; "Maria knows all; she requests you will not attempt to see her, but when you leave the house peruse this letter."

The letter was a cordial to his wounded

heart. It vowed eternal constancy—calling on all the saints to witness her oath that none but him should call her wife; and concluded by conjuring him to set sail with the fond expectation that on his return her father would relent, and all would be well.

Three days from the date of this letter our hero received his sailing orders; with a heavy heart he repaired to the boat that was to convey him on board. He had but seated himself, when he was accosted by a young stripling dressed in a blue round-about and trowsers. "Captain—captain, one word with you!"

"Make it two, if it pleases you," said Lucius.

"Captain, I wish to serve my country; will you accept of my proffered services?"

"Why, I can do nothing with you, except make you a powder-monkey;—but, you little scoundrel, you have ran away from your friends."

"On my honour, Captain, I have not—I away. I have a recommendation here; perhaps you know the writing."

"I do—I do—'tis Maria's hand!"

"If you wish farther proof, this little gold ring, which she commissioned me to present you—"

"Is the herald of joy to my heart," interrupted Lucius, as he snatched the ring; "and shall be your passport to my favour. Jump in, you young rogue—Shove off!"

On the arrival of the boat alongside the ship, her yards were manned, and three hearty cheers welcomed the Captain as he ascended the side of the vessel. Orders were immediately given, when the shores of happy America gradually receded from the anxious gaze of all on board. Our young sailor was appointed to the honourable occupation of attending on the person of his commander. A cot was provided for him near the state-room of the Captain, to which he early retired; he seemed to be labouring under feelings more poignant than his delicate frame appeared capable of sustaining: a gush of tears came to his relief, and in a little time sleep had kindly hushed his griefs. ****

After Mr. Jarvis had left Lucius in his study, he hastened to the chamber of Maria, whom he found vainly endeavouring to conceal her tears, and peremptorily demanded that she should from that hour discard every thought of Lucius from her breast—"for," continued he, "to-morrow's sun shines on you as the wedded partner of another. So prepare."

"Father—dear father!"

"You have heard my wishes; dare not disobey them."

"Oh, my father! kill me rather than enforce so cruel a mandate. What misery will be entailed on your fond, affectionate child when she is compelled to marry a man whom she cannot *love*!—nay, not even *respect*. Father, on my knees I implore you to restore me to freedom again; force me not to an act which is horror to reflection. Oh, recall, recall your words!"

"Never! To-morrow makes you a happy bride. Nay, nay, think not to urge me

from my purpose: 'tis fixed—irrevocably fixed!" So saying he hastily left the apartment, and summoning Jane to his presence, bade her repair to her mistress. She found Maria lying senseless on the floor; having raised her, she applied restoratives, when reason again assumed its empire. Still a confused and indistinct recollection pressed upon her brain; a sudden thought seemed to pervade her senses; she threw herself on her couch, and slept—the next morning she was missing! (To be continued.)

"The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing which we are acquainted with, in the Spanish language, except the *Odes of Louis de Leon*."

O! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,

To see how soon
Life with its glory glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay,
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Always so fast:
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find

To-morrow than to-day:
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be
That into one engulphing sea
Are doom'd to fall—

The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne.
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide

To that sad wave:
Death levels property and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race;
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought;
The path alone, of all unsought;
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here?

Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear!

Long ere the damp of death can blight
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has pass'd away:
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and wo
When age comes on.

Sir Walter Scott is reported to have written a letter of condolence to the widow of the late Rev. C. Maturin, offering, at the same time, his editorial services, in giving to the world the unpublished manuscripts of Mr. Maturin, in a form most likely to be advantageous to her.

TO JUDGE EDWARDS.

WILT thou be so condescending and kind as to inform the citizens of our republic whether Montesquieu is correct in stating, in his *Spirit of Laws*, that the principle or basis of a despotic government is *fear*: that of a monarchical or limited government, is *honour*: that of a republican and representative democracy, is *virtue*? If thou coincide with the statement made by Montesquieu, I would next inquire whether the *fears* of punishment and severity have a tendency to change a republic gradually to a despotism; and whether honours admitted into a republican association, have a gradual tendency to convert it to monarchy!—And, whether a representative republic should be guided wholly and purely by *virtue*, its principle and foundation!—Are we monarchical and despotic just as much as we admit human *honours* and human *fears* to influence and reign in our laws and customs? I believe that purity in republican views and principle, disconnected from every other principle not virtuous, (to wit, from the unjust principle of despotism; and from the ungodly principle of a monarchy,) is essentially important to the liberty, prosperity, and happiness of our government. Virtues are inseparable from each other, and so are vices, to so great a degree, that there is no clemency but in justice, and no *severity* but in injustice. In a republican government, clemency, justice, and every virtue, should be laws of the state and constitution. Human virtue has human prospects of this life only in its view; but divine virtue has the objects of the divine world in prospect. Hence a republic is either resting on a human or divine basis of virtue. The latter is the best basis of republicanism.

If these propositions are incorrect, no doubt but thou canst enlighten our minds. I doubt not their correctness; for they confirm many of the glorious precepts of Jesus and his apostles, and thus both the ideas of Montesquieu and Jesus are verified. Thus we may perceive that Christianity, which consists of divine love, casteth out all *fear*, and consequently removes the *basis of despotism*, and builds on the rock of love to God and man—which is manifest by each person doing to every other whatever he would have the other, on a reverse of conditions and circumstances, do to him. We shall perceive, that the *honour* and glory that actuates monarchies are vicious, and rob God of his glory; which is very pernicious. For it excites to ambition, exclusive power, riches, and ostentation; and causes envy, oppression, misery, wars, and murders.

I hope that we and our readers will agree in the general correctness of the preceding ideas, both of Montesquieu and Jesus Christ. For I wish to try some of the sentiments thou expressed in sentencing seven young men to seven years' imprisonment, as an atonement, or a fearful example of vengeance, for intoxica-

tion, attended with a riot and manslaughter by one of the seven, or by him, who, to save himself, became state-witness.—Anger has been the sudden death of some, and might have been of this man.

Thou sayest, in sentencing them, “We do not feel ourselves at liberty to limit our views of your case, in fixing your punishment, merely what would be *due to you personally for your crime*; nor to what might be *necessary to reform you*.” From these expressions, I perceive, thou wast conscious their crime did not merit the punishment thou wast about to pass against them. The punishment was not *due to them*, or either of them, personally, for their crime. In plain terms, the inference is, it was unjust, or unduly severe; which is a crime not to be excused before God by a plea of human expediency.—What punishment dost thou merit for injustice and inhuman severity? I answer, our own wickedness is punishment sufficient. When this chastises we may consider and amend, lest it again punish us. Punishment by law is retaliative and avengeful, which is a spirit contrary to the precepts of Jesus and his disciples. Vengeance belongs not to individuals, nor to *society*, but to God only, who says, it is his, and he will repay it. In this God speaks according to appearance, and nothing more; as we do, when we say, the sun rises and sets. The sun never rose or set; so our own sins, and not God, take vengeance upon us. How dare despots and monarchs, or any one, to do what God never does—*take vengeance*? He is love, and calls to repentance and reformation. Love to our neighbours as to ourselves, forbids revenge, and seeks to induce repentant reformation from criminal citizens. Virtue, love, and reformation are truly republican. But how hast thou trampled these under thy feet, (and our feet too,) in saying, “We do not feel ourselves at liberty to limit our views of your case”—“To what might be necessary to *reform you*.” Thou hast imbibed these monarchical and despotic sentiments from the laws and commentaries of the monarch-ridden subjects of England. Their books and decisions corrupt the principles of republicanism, and render many of our judges and lawyers dangerous to our liberties. How unjust and anti-republican are some of thy own despotic sentiments already noticed. Thou profesteth, moreover, to believe that the leading object of republican laws in punishing with such *severity*, is to protect the innocent. And thy sentence accordingly says—“That if the law cannot always protect, yet it will always *punish*, (*and severely too*,) whenever the workers of iniquity are brought within its *grasp*; and that although it has *leaden feet* it has *iron hands*.” Beccaria shows that punishments should be just, and according to the criminality of the transgressor.—Undue severity to frighten others from committing the same kind of crime is cruel, unjust, and very injurious in its conse-

quences. For iniquity indeed has *leaden feet*, but *irony* afflictions. And injustice in laws, punishments, or judges, are ruinous to the principles of republican freedom.

I have been induced to address thee, from several reasons. I have done it from a love to posterity, liberty, republicanism, virtue, Christianity, and charity to my neighbours, and even to thee as one of them. I would convince thee and them, of the enormous and injurious principles derived from English legislators, judges, and lawyers. Do consider dispassionately, and without prejudice, that thou *mayest* be convinced, and be wiser than thou wast; and when thou art converted strengthen thy weaker brethren in the truth. What is more dignified and noble than to discover our errors and acknowledge them; and repair the injuries they may have done, when we have power to do so!

Hast thou not, dost thou not perceive that thou hast, with improper severity, and on despotic and monarchical principles, sentenced seven reputable lads to seven years' incarceration, with villainous corrupters of youth, to the destruction of their characters and honour, and perhaps their virtue and souls? Five of these are sons to widows, tortured with cruel agonies for lads who have been their support, for lads who have already suffered too much for intoxication, and for a consequent riot, where the provocation of the parties were probably reciprocal. Had Lambert been a low character—but I forbear.

The youths, the relations, the public, and their friends, have good reasons to expect a pardon of the governor for these seven afflicted young men; who, I am satisfied, will be much better citizens, and more reformed by being liberated, at the end of three months' solitary confinement, with security for their good behaviour for seven years, than they will ever be by the execution of their severe sentence, which seems intended to punish with undue severity, to deter others from intoxication and riots. Alas! how much wiser, better, more republican and Christian it is to suppress the thousands of dram shops that are in our city.—Why is the retail of spirituous liquors not confined to druggists and apothecaries, to be used only as *medicines*? Cruelty in law or judges is never expedient, but for bad people, to support bad institutions.

I have a knowledge of most all the families of the young men. Five or six of them are in my neighbourhood. I compassionate the lads, and them all; but most affectionately have I felt for Abraham Potts, whose feelings have been too much for his health and strength of body. Let jury, judge, and governor: yes, let us, and each of us say to the Almighty Judge and Ruler—forgive me my trespasses as I forgive them who trespass against me. Let the sincerity of this prayer be confirmed by correspondent conduct. CUBN'S C. BLATCHLY.

CHARACTER.

WOMEN.

"Most Women have no characters at all."

It has often been a subject of dispute whether there is a disparity between men and women—I mean in their intellectual powers. A number of writers have endeavoured to prove the inferiority of female intellect. The opinion of one of the advocates for male superiority is clearly enough delivered in the line quoted above. If we are guided by analogy, we must admit the intellectual equality of the sexes. The males in the animal creation make no pretensions to superior wisdom. Amongst the domestic animals, the male is by no means more sagacious than the female: the lioness shows fully as much cunning in pursuing her prey as 'the king of the beasts'; and the female of the feathered tribes seems to have all the wisdom of the male, for she devotes herself in prudent foresight to the rearing of a brood of future songsters, while the male does nothing but chirp and chatter, and neglect his business all day long. It is asked, how is it there is no natural difference between the sexes, that women, in nearly all ages, and all countries, have held a subordinate station in society? The reason is obvious and simple. Men were stronger than women, and they took advantage of their own strength. They compelled the weak sex to perform all the drudgery, while they lounged in idleness, or engaged in employments suitable to their masculine superiority. As civilization advanced, they did every thing in their power to rivet the chains they had forged. The very degradation which they had themselves unfeelingly caused, they alledged as a proof of the inferiority of the sex. If women had had the superiority in physical strength, the case might have been reversed. They might have assigned all the drudgery to the men, and taken all the ease and the fine work to themselves. They might have triumphed in their superior wisdom, and urged as a proof of male inferiority the degradation which they had wickedly caused. And, if the same quantum of attention, as a mathematician would say, had been paid by the women, to the keeping down of the men, which *has* been bestowed by the men on the perpetuating of the degradation of the women, it is questionable if the sex that now vaunts so proudly its mental superiority, would have been able to break loose from its ignoble bondage, and assert its right to intellectual equality. I need not remark that the gentle nature of "lovely woman," would not have permitted her to take advantage of her strength; and that male shoulders would not have been loaded by an unequal burden, nor male intellect calumniated by unjust reproach, even though women had possessed the physical superiority that has been abused to such unworthy purposes by the masculine lords of creation.

But it is said, it has ever been the lot of

genius to attain to eminence in spite of the difficulties of fortune, birth, and education. Allowing, then, that females labour under disadvantages from these sources, is it not surprising that they do not exhibit examples of triumphing over them? I reply, they have done so. A brief review of the history of women will prove that they have triumphed in every age over the adventitious circumstances which held them in bondage, and in circumstances favourable to mental culture, have attained their just intellectual rank.

The system of studied degradation adopted in the patriarchal ages, in regard to women, prevails in full force, at the present moment, in the East. There seems, in fact, to be an immorality about every thing oriental. Women are regarded in the East as mere instruments of sensual pleasure; and the education they receive is confined to the exterior accomplishments, that they may conduce to the gilding of the hours spent in the harems by their lords. These lords think it quite unnecessary to bestow any attention on the mental culture of those who, they assert, have no souls. The wrongs of women are most amply avenged on the heads of their male tyrants, who, in the absence of the spiritual excitement derived from refined female converse, are obliged to have recourse to the solitary pleasures of chewing opium, and sink down into listless languor. In spite of the disadvantages from education under which they labour, the oriental women have proved their mental equality, even in the departments which men believe to require, most peculiarly, the exercise of masculine intellect. I need only mention, in proof of the justice of the assertion, Semiramis and Zenobia.

The Greeks treated their women in little better fashion than the Orientals.—The men were compelled to devote their time to the flattering of the sovereign people. The women, in the absence of masculine commerce, had recourse to the society of their slaves. No attention was bestowed on their education: and many circumstances, incidentally mentioned by the Greek historians, show that they had a degraded rank. The unintellectual education which the Greek women received did not repress their genius. Corinna bore away the palm five times from Pindar. Socrates professed to have learned wisdom from the elegant Aspasia;—and, at the present moment, Sappho is unrivalled as a writer of impassioned poetry. The Romans were the first people who bestowed attention on the education of their females. The effect corresponded to the cause. At Rome woman first attained her rank. The stern and lofty virtue that forms our notion of Roman greatness was displayed in the same perfection by the Roman matrons, as by the Reguluses and the Scipios. Lucretia, the mother of the Gracchi, is "familiar to us as a household word." Cicero mentions a number of women distinguished by their taste in eloquence and philosophy. An

eloquent oration of Hortensia is preserved by Appian.

In the middle ages women were raised to the rank that justly belongs to them. To the knowledge they had acquired in solitude, while the men were engaged in war, they were indebted, in a great measure, to the romantic devotion paid to them by the heroes of chivalry. They retained, during the prevalence of that singular institution, their intellectual cultivation and refined elegance. The beneficial influence which woman, when she attains her rank, never fails to exercise on society, was finely shown, in the smoothing down of the asperities of that rude age.

In our own country, it was long before the intellectual rights of women were acknowledged. Their frivolity, and other feminine faults, were favourite themes for satire with the writers of the age of the Second Charles. Rochester commenced the attack, and Pope, Swift, Young, and a host of subsequent authors, followed the goodly example. The pitiful declamation of these writers was quoted, with sorry pleasure, by the wittols, who were not themselves clever enough to compose invectives against the sex. It is wonderful that a writer like Pope should have been betrayed into the inditing of such cold satire as his *Essay on Woman* is stored with. He begins by asserting that "most women have no character at all," and he does his utmost to prove the truth of the assertion, by an exposure of the inconsistencies in the characters of affected, simple, cunning, vicious, and whimsical women. The following is a specimen. It is the character of a silly woman.

Where in sweet vicissitude appears,
Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones—time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For, true, no meaning puzzles more than wit.

If it were the object to enumerate the vices ascribed by male writers to women, the following specimen, from the same work, of heartless accusation, would be quite enough:—

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake.

The age, however, in which the satirists of women were read, and quoted with pleasure, has passed away. The flippant invectives on the sex, in which the writers of a former age indulged, would no longer be tolerated in decent company.—In every department of literature women have proved their intellectual equality.—In epistolary composition, Sevigne and Montague are our acknowledged superiors. In classical literature, the department we reckon entirely our own, Madame Dacier and Miss Carter are nothing behind us. Bozzi, Hamilton, Griffiths, Lennox, Chapone, Barbauld, Inchbald, Edgeworth, 'the gentle Elizabeth Rowe,' are but a few of the names in the catalogue of distinguished female writers.—De Stael is allowed to have equalled any

of her male contemporaries in the powers of a comprehensive and varied intellect. Miss Lander's poetry, published the other day, exceeds in passion the poetry of any living male author. Maria Theresa and Catharine were surpassed in regal wisdom by none of the masculine sovereigns of their time. The days of "good Queen Bess" are, at this moment, the subject of frequent and delightful recollection. While women are reckoned fit to manage kingdoms, their capability is, oddly enough, denied for executing a subordinate office. Had they not been prohibited by existing institutions from becoming lawyers, judges, and legislators, it is not to be doubted that they who have shone on the throne, would have shone in a gown on the bench, or in parliament. It was said, however, by the advocates for male superiority, that the foibles of the sex attach to women when they attain the highest intellectual distinction; and the fondness of Queen Elizabeth to hear discourses on "her excellent beauties," and the occasional vanity, egotism, and personal antipathies of Madame de Staél, are adduced as proofs of the assertion.—It would be just as much to the purpose to allege the absurdities of the philosopher of Sans Souci as a proof of his not being entitled to the epithet 'great'; or to affirm, with a grave face, that it is easy to discover, from the masculine peculiarities of Johnson, to which sex "the colossus of English literature, belonged.

Mr. Boswell informs us that BLUE STOCKING took its rise from the following circumstance:—Some literary ladies, in the time of Johnson, had formed a select club. Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, the author of some erudite works on Natural History, was a member. He wore a grave dress, and was noted for his blue stockings. His presence was of such consequence, that if he happened to be absent from a meeting, it was said, we cannot do without the *blue stockings*. The *blue stocking* of Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet has been applied, in mockery, to female wisdom. Learned lords, according to Mr. Cobbett, who must be a judge in such matters, abbreviate one half of their words, because they know not how to spell them to the end. Their horror of blue stocking knowledge arises, probably, from a similar cause. It would require too great a waste of thought from those who "have but one idea, and that a wrong one," to hold, for five minutes, a conversation with an intellectual female. And it is a convenient thing to find, ready coined, a little word of dispatch, which proves, most conclusively, their own superiority, and the utter absurdity of all pretensions to feminine wisdom. Pedantry is no doubt a bad thing. A small pedant, however, is just as disgusting an animal as a female. The applicability of the maxim, that we cannot reason against the use of any thing from its abuse, is evident in the present instance. It would be fully as reasonable to affirm that clas-

sical literature is a noxious pursuit, because there have been men who made a show of wisdom, as it is to pronounce a sweeping sentence of condemnation on the intellectual culture, "so graceful to woman's soul," because there have been women so absurd as to be pedants.

To no class is mental culture of more importance than to women. Females of the higher class must spend a great part of their time in solitude; and, without a taste for intellectual and imaginative pleasures, they are exposed to all the horrors of *ennui*. Life is embittered by querulous cravings after excitement; and the mind, in the absence of all spiritual employment, sinks down into indifference. Women, in the middle ranks, without mental resources, are equally miserable in the hours not devoted to domestic duties. Men, indeed, are blind to their own interests, in perpetuating the mental degradation of females; since, by withholding from them an intellectual education, they deprive themselves of the pleasure of the domestic hearth. Converse, with females who have no intellect, will soon become a dead bore. The aristocracy betake themselves to the ring, coach-driving, and other equally gentlemanly pleasures; and our mechanics to the society of the tavern, because home is dull. I do not mean that women should be eminent linguists and mathematicians. The education I wish them to receive would be confined to the bestowing upon them powers of thought, and treasures for thought. Woman would not, surely, be less interesting or lovely, if she possessed, in addition to what are called accomplishments, an acquaintance with the elegant literature of our own country, and a taste for the beauties of nature and poetry.—The pedantry of some literary females, in a former age, give a show of justice to the vulgar abuses of the blues. But no animal, possessed of a grain of sense, would now dare to express contempt of a refined intellectual female.

Love itself—"the green velvet of the soul"—will soon pall on the appetite, without intellectual communion. "The dew will fade on Beauty's sweetest flower," if it conceal no germ of intellect.—The face, that is the index to no mental excellence, will lose its power; and the eye, brightened by no ray of genius, its lustre. What more can be said in favour of the bestowing of mental culture on women, than that it gives an immortality to "Love, and love's sweet witcheries."

European Magazine.

RICE PAPER.—The substance called rice paper, which is brought from China, and much used for representing richly coloured insects and other objects of natural history, and for making artificial flowers, is ascertained to be a vegetable production; on being exposed to the action of boiling olive oil it was made transparent, and thus its structure was ascertained:—it is said to be the membrane of the bread-fruit tree.

THE VISION OF CLEANTHE.

A FRAGMENT.

JUST as the sun was sinking below the horizon, after a day in the autumnal season, the young and beautiful Cleanthe strayed into a thick forest that reared its awful shade behind the stately castle of the Baron, her father. The serenity of the evening—the plaintive cooing of the dove, and the distant murmur of a waterfall, joined with the tender recollections of an absent lover, conspired to lull her into that pleasing train of ideas, when the mind, abstracted from sensible objects, loses itself in distant and visionary pursuits!—She was roused from this reverie by the sweet and melodious sounds of a lute, which at first swelled into the most sublime and elevated strains, and then, gradually dying away, was succeeded by a deep silence!—and not a leaf was stirring to intercept the solemn repose! The moon was rising, and cast a shadowy whiteness over the leafy umbrage which sheltered her. She started, and gazing round, perceived with terror, she had wandered out of her knowledge, and of the various paths which presented themselves, and totally at a loss to conjecture which would lead her to the peaceful, parental asylum she had unwarily quitted. In the midst of her perplexity her ears were assailed by the most mournful and piercing shrieks—a thick cloud covered the moon, out of which darted incessant flashes of lightning—the trees shook without wind—and the howling of savage beasts resounded on every side! A mortal paleness covered the cheek of Cleanthe, her limbs trembled, a cold damp bedewed her face, and she sank motionless on the ground. From this trance she was awakened by the clashing of swords, and saw approaching her two knights, richly caparisoned, engaged in a fierce and desperate combat;—collecting her strength, she arose, and winged by fear, rushed precipitately into the thickest part of the forest, and espying at some distance a glimmering light, like that of a lamp, ran towards it with mingled hope and apprehension!—As she advanced she found it proceeded from the ruins of an ancient Abbey: she entered it trembling—and walking up a long aisle, at the end of which the light seemed suspended, she saw, at the foot of an altar half destroyed by time, a woman spread on the floor, who appeared as if expiring, with eyes fixed, and features pale and ghastly; a stream of blood issued from her bosom, and her hand convulsively grasped a rusty poniard! The timid Cleanthe, struck with amazement, gazed with unutterable anguish, unable to move, either to assist or fly from the miserable wretch extended before her. At length, opening her eyes and fixing them on Cleanthe, "whoever thou art, (said she in a sullen and hollow voice,) behold in me the fatal effects of heedlessness, vice, and criminal despair." She ceased—and in convulsive pangs breathed her last! No sooner had the guilty soul forsook the lacerated body,

than the light was extinguished; the earth trembled and shook, and loud peals of thunder, mixed with a noise like the roaring of cataracts, totally overwhelmed the spirits of the terrified maid, who screamed aloud, and sunk lifeless on the ground. But how great was her astonishment, when, after a few minutes, returning to life and recollection, she found herself in the most delicious garden, surrounded with all that could charm and delight the senses.

The sun shone resplendently, and gilded every object with his animating beams, the fervour of which was tempered by cool and refreshing breezes, loaded with fragrant odours. All Arabia breathed in the gale! Groves of orange and myrtle, interspersed with thickets of roses, and beds of violets, flowers of every variegated scent and hue, and trees bending with fruit of the most beautiful and vivid bloom, diversified the prospect. Soft music floated above, and underneath—every bower resounded with the voice of festivity, and all was pleasure, harmony, and love. The terrors which had lately agitated the mind of Cleanthe subsided apace—her soul dissolved in softness: the roses were again flung over her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with hilarity and delight. She was rising to explore a scene so new and paradisaical, when she saw approaching her, crowned with intermingled roses and myrtle, the brave and beauteous Alcanhor, for whom her gentle bosom had long sighed in secret; his air breathed delight, while more than mortal beauty seemed to animate his form. He advanced, and kneeling at her feet, poured out vows of tenderness and ardour—then seizing her hand, conducted her to a temple sacred to the Loves and the Graces. A train of young beauties crowded around, and with syren voices hailed her fairest of the throng. Her senses swam in pleasure—while, half fainting, she leaned on her beloved Alcanhor, a nymph more lovely than the rest, quitting her companions, approached the enamoured fair, and presented a bowl of an intoxicating nature: “Drink,” said she, “and partake of immortal felicity, of bliss that knows no period or satiety!” Her lover, snatching the bowl, drank deep its contents; and raising it to the lips of Cleanthe, she was about to taste, when a low and mournful voice sounded in her ears—“FORBEAR! call to remembrance the ghastly figure, the pavement died with blood, the convulsive paings, the dying groans! heedlessness has already betrayed thee into danger—temptation is now plunging thee into vice, despair, death, destruction follow.” It ceased—Cleanthe started, and dashed on the floor the fatal beverage: a loud shriek followed, and was succeeded by a hideous crash, and the whole vision faded away. Cleanthe looked round, and beheld the moon and stars glittering over her head, the waving foliage of the forest at the back of her fathers castle, and the welcome portico of his hospitable mansion. She rushed in, and in the soothings of parental affection, sought consola-

tion and repose for her troubled and agitated spirit.

PREJUDICE.—AN EXTRACT.

It has been said, that “man is the child of prejudice;” and never was a truth more complete. All our thoughts, actions, hopes, wishes, and whole manner of being, are founded on prejudice. From the cradle to the grave we are attended by prejudice. Prejudice is our nurse in infancy, it is our tutor in childhood, it is our companion in manhood, and our crutch in old age: for we begin with, and we never shake off the habit of judging before we think, or taking things for granted, without having first examined their fitness or truth. Every blind belief, every implicit obedience to custom, or fashion, however great the authority on which it rests, is a prejudice. Yet, although prejudice is unbecoming the wise—though a prejudiced individual is generally contemptible, and even sometimes dangerous, there are prejudices which, so far from being contemptible, are even necessary to the well-being of man and society. Such are the prejudices of religion, of consanguinity, of nationality, kindred, &c. They originate in the holiest aspirations, the kindest feeling of the human heart, instilled in us during the guileless age of childhood, when love and gratitude still bloom in their native freshness, untainted by the Upas of envy, cupidity, and malice. What would man be without such prejudices as these? Would he honour his father and mother, because mere reason dictates it? Would he be a protector to his defenceless sisters, a father to his orphan brothers? Would he sacrifice his freedom for the happiness of a wife?—nay, would he sacrifice himself for his own offspring, because *duty* commands him to do so? What would be to him his friends, his country, his nation, his *God!* without these sacred prejudices?—How cold are the acts of man, to which he is solely impelled by reason! How frigid the emanations of duty! How ineffective the religion of the brain! When interest commands—when cupidity urges, when the passions impel us—reason, reason alone is but a slow agent to counteract their united, or even their single effect. Friends—relatives may have perished—our country may have fallen a prey to domestic tyranny, or a foreign foe, and its name be obliterated from the chart of history, before the logic of reason could nerve the arm in their defence. Such prejudices, then, we will foster and preserve; and although the heartless infidel may mock, the cold cosmopolite may sneer—without these prejudices we could neither bear up against the ills of earth, nor become worthy of the bliss of heaven.

A copy of the first edition of the Orlando Furioso, printed at Ferrara, in 1516, has been discovered by M. Dupper, in the public library at that place; our most industrious bibliographers were ignorant of the existence of that very rare book.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1825.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“Le Moulinet,” “The Gossip,” “Albert,” and others, are unavoidably omitted this week.

Our readers are referred to an article on our third page, addressed to the Hon. Judge Edwards relative to the sentence of the young men convicted of manslaughter. We take no farther interest in this than our feelings of pity for the misguided youths, and their unfortunate parents excite; it is another instance of the deplorable evil of intemperance—a proof that unless measures are enforced to retard the progress of dissipation, by rooting from our city those detestable resorts of the vulgar and profligate, we shall soon behold youth, innocence, and worth, engulfed in the vortex of ruin.

THE Editor of the New-York Mirror, Mr. George P. Morris, whose vanity is exceeded only by his envy, and whose ignorance is equalled only by his presumption, in his paper of last Saturday gave vent to his malignant disposition, through the medium of a hired pen, as we have understood, in an article replete with the most scurrilous abuse and wanton falsehood that we ever saw in print. The article to which we allude is levelled principally at a gentleman who has lately contributed to the dramatic department of the *Globe and Emerald*, and at this journal, towards which Mr. Morris has for some time, by insinuations, falsehood, and other contemptible means, manifested the most determined hostility. The same article, also, contains a tirade of abuse against the Editor of the *Minerva*, and from the character of that publication we have no hesitation in saying that, comparing it with the *Mirror*, should the Editor deem it necessary, he could crush his paltry antagonist to the earth. We have asserted above that Mr. Morris had *hired* a writer to produce his infamous attack upon us, and the “dramatical censor,” as he is elegantly termed in the *Mirror*; (but we shall not descend to verbal criticism, though, coming from the quarter in which we presume it did, the writer deserves no mercy on that score—those who profess to be capable of teaching youth, should certainly be acquainted with the rudiments of the language which they use;) we have not made this assertion at random—we were informed of the writer’s name weeks ago—the cause of his selection—and why he eagerly seized the infamous proposal of his contemptible employer; it was this: shortly after this publication was commenced, this man annoyed us with repeated solicitations to engage him to write for the *Athenæum*—from hints we received from a very respectable quarter, we declined his services; he wished that he might be permitted to send a trial essay—we complied; in due time the essay came, when behold, this writer, who figures in the columns of the *Mirror* as the advocate of “our amiable religion,” who pretends to be afraid that the morals of “the young, the unreflecting, and the credulous” may be poisoned—this writer, who is so sensitive that he conceives the very air of the birth-places of Thomas Paine, Moliere, and Helvetius, must infect those who inhale it, (hence his detestation of foreigners,) sent us an article not only vulgarly written, but absolutely obscene; of course we rejected it, and in return received an abusive letter, written in the true spirit of the *Mirror*-article. So much for Mr. —; and now for Mr. Mor-

ris: of his impudent plagiarisms—of his unhesitating appropriation of the talents of others in his paper—of his enmity to every periodical that he imagines may clash with his own, we shall not speak; but we *shall* notice his ignorance, malevolence, and hypocrisy. There appeared in the *Globe* and *Emerald* a critique upon the play of the Hypocrite, in which the writer spoke in high terms of that comedy; in this journal, also, the same play was favourably noticed. In the *Mirror*, on the contrary, it was pronounced not only devoid of talent, but grossly immoral, and it was said that none but the “profligate and unthinking” would witness its representation. What will the thousands of our respectable citizens say to this? they are denominated “profligate and unthinking.” The play succeeded admirably; it was found to contain nothing in the least indelicate, even by implication. Mr. Morris being one of those persons who think perseverance in the wrong will entitle them to the praise of consistency, still adhered to the opinion originally advanced, and was, in consequence, exposed in this paper to a little good-humoured raillery; he attributed all the articles in the *Globe* and *Emerald*, and in the *Athenæum* to the same pen, and finding in his own attempts to controvert his opponent, he only realized the fable of the toad and bull—that in attempting to swell himself to an equality with his superior, he was in danger of bursting himself, and exposing his venom, he employed the before-mentioned *moralist*. But what will our readers say, when we inform them that Mr. Morris, the exemplary guardian of female morality, who *published* that the Hypocrite is an “abominable play,” that it is indecent, that those who countenance it are endeavouring “to destroy the pulpit, the Bible, and the clergy”—what will they say when we inform them that this same Mr. Morris witnessed the representation of this very “abominable” play on Friday evening last—in company with a party of ladies! We assure them that this was the fact. Now, we candidly ask if precept and example are thus to be trifled with? if those who profess to feel interested in the cause of truth, who come out to defend religion, ought so far to overstep its holy principles, and set at nought its inculcations as to be permitted, unchastised, to calumniate the characters of their fellow-beings? The allusion to the “small” paper is characteristic of the writer—evincing a weak head, a foul heart, and a little soul.

FOURTH OF JULY.

On Monday last was celebrated the 49th Anniversary of American Independence; or more properly, the Independence of the United States of North America. The day was uncommonly fine. A refreshing shower, which fell the day before, rendered the streets more *tolerable* than they had been for some weeks previous. No dust molested the ladies' eyes, or the gentlemen's coats. A profusion of white fleecy clouds agreeably tempered the intense rays of a midsummer sun; while gentle zephyrs wanted over the city, and with their pinions of gossamer fanned the burning temples of the soldiers, and breathed their choicest perfumes round the laurelled brow of the immortal *LA FAYETTE*. Minerva, Apollo, and the Graces—but where the deuce are we going! Let us, if possible, descend to plain, dull matter of fact.

The display of the Military was unusually imposing, and the civic processions was fully equal to what it ever has been. The ladies, as usual,

smiled like the season—the gentlemen seemed as patriotic as ever; the boys fired crackers without mercy; and the dandies wore coats trimmed with braid and tags. What else can we say?—The most elaborate description of the *Fourth of July* would be but a “thrice told tale.” That of 1825, was like all its predecessors; with the addition of a few extra *set-to's*; a few additional boat-races; a number of additional *cases*; a variety of additional assignations; and a multitude of additional expenses. Every one was happy, (or miserable, as the case may be,) in his or her own way. The theatres were both crowded—so were both the circuses—so was the Museum—so was the Spectaculum—so was Vauxhall and Castle Gardens—so was the Park—and so *will be* this column unless we check the impetuosity of our hobbling Pegasus.

The citizens of New-York were honoured, on this occasion, with numerous visitors from our sister states, particularly from Philadelphia; all anxious once more to see the Nation's Guest, and to witness the celebration of an event which first secured us the assistance of France, and brought the youthful and gallant *La Fayette* to our aid. Every room in the hotels and boarding houses was occupied.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Canal-street presented a most beautiful line of soldiers, reaching from Broadway to Hudson-street, which was reviewed by General Benedict, and then marched to the Battery.

In the civil procession, the firemen of our city formed the most conspicuous figure, with their rich silken banners, their badges, their miniature engines, &c. &c. They proceeded to the Cedar-street church, where an oration was pronounced by the Rev. Hooper Cumming. The other societies, according to previous arrangement, left Tammany Hall, accompanied with their line-of-battle ship, and repaired to Mulberry-street church, where an oration was delivered by Mr. E. L. Avery.

At eleven o'clock the “Nation's Guest” was received by the Senate in due form, in the Governor's room, in the City-Hall; and we wish our limits would permit an insertion of the elegant speeches exchanged with Judge Tallmadge on this occasion. The General, Senate, and Corporation, then proceeded to the front of the hall, and received the marching salute from the troops, who afterwards dispersed with a *fue de joie*.

In the evening the General visited Castle Garden, where were above five thousand visitors, of both sexes. From thence he proceeded to the Park theatre, (where a box had been decorated for his reception,) which was filled to overflowing.

We must conclude this brief and imperfect sketch by observing, that we have never before witnessed so pleasant a day. It seems as if the Heavens have smiled on every step of *La Fayette*, since first he landed at the fort which bears his name, and over which, at that moment, a beautiful rainbow was spreading its variegated arch.—We heard one gentleman observe on the fourth, that if the beauty and temperature of the day had been expressly regulated by Omnipotence, for the comfort of *La Fayette*, it could not have been more delightful than what it actually was.

Among the *novelties* exhibited on this occasion, was the new Circus, in Laurens-street, which was this day, at three o'clock, opened for the first time, under the name and title of the *La Fayette*

Circus. The Prize Address, written by S. Woodworth, Esq. to whom was awarded the Fifty Dollar Silver Cup, as mentioned in our last, was spoken by Mr. Dinneford, the stage-manager.—The following is a copy; and we must do the author the justice to say, that *equestrian entertainments* were never, in our opinion, so ingeniously advocated before.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

The cultured mind, accustomed to explore
And taste the choicest sweets of classic lore,
With rapture dwells on each inspiring lay
That paints the *sports* of Grecia's proudest day;
When the throng'd stadium rang with loud acclamations,
To hail the victor in her *manly games*;
Those daring feats which famed *Alcides* taught,
To nerve the limb, and elevate the thought;
Feats which the royal *Iphitus* restored,
And consecrated to the powers adored;
Which gave to Greece a wreath of fadeless bloom,
And raised the glory of imperial Rome.

There, the fleet *courser*, with an eye of flame,
Bold, like his rider—and as proud of fame,
Impatient champ'd the bit, or paw'd the ground,
With ear erect to catch the trumpet's sound;
Then, with a *speed* that mock'd the passing wind,
Spurn'd the dull earth, and left the world behind.
And with him flew—erect upon his feet!
The bold *equestrian*, through the furious heat,
Reckless of danger—(such are Grecians still)—
The rein submitted to the courser's will,
While at the target, with unerring art,
The fearless rider threw the whizzing dart!
Or, with a harnessed *pair* of equal speed,
Vaulted, with matchless grace, from steed to steed.
While mingled sounds of wonder and applause
Proclaim'd the deepest interest in his cause;
Till, past the goal, and claimant of the prize,
When peals of acclamation pierced the skies.

With *feats* like these, to charm the present age,
And join the stadium to the modern stage;
To elevate the pleasures of the *ring*,
By every aid *dramatic* art can bring—
For this, you see another fabric rear'd
Where late a dreary, barren waste appeared;
For this, kind patrons, we would humbly sue,
To dedicate the tasteful fane to you.

Here, shall Latona's bright-hair'd son impart
The sweetest lessons of his tuneful art;
Here may the eye of taste admire the *speed*,
And graceful prowess of the generous steed,
And here, in pleased astonishment, may scan
The still more wondrous *active powers* of man.
Here, studious votaries of the classic page
May view the *feats* of Grecia's golden age;
Feats which secured the victors of the game
Unfading honours, and a deathless fame;
Inspired her youth with that chivalric glow
Which urged them onward to subdue the foe;
Which fired her sons with emulation's zeal,
To rise the guardians of their country's weal;
To which she owed the glory of her state,
And that unconquered pride which made her great;
Preserved her *freedom*—gain'd the world's applause,
And prompts her now to be what then she was.

And if like *causes* like *effects* produce,
If you admit the stadium's wondrous use,
May not a thousand equal blessings spring
From such achievements as shall grace our ring?
May not our patriot youth, who here perceive
What sprightliness and courage can achieve,
Be fired with emulation to command
“The fiery steed, and train him to their hand?”
To vault, like feathered *Hermes*, on his back,
And fearless guide him to the fierce attack;
To wield the sabre, or direct the dart,
And boldly practice each *equestrian* art;
To wrestle, leap, or throw the ponderous quoit,
And bear away the palm in each exploit.

Yes, generous patrons—thus our gallant youth,
Champions of freedom, honour, love, and truth,
Will learn to guard the sacred rights you prize,
And raise Columbia's glory to the skies;
In every clime behold her flag unfurled,
Till Freedom's golden star shall light the world.

* The spot where the new *Circus* now stands was, very recently, a pool of stagnant, muddy water, “far out of town.” It is now almost in the centre of the city, and surrounded with elegant buildings.

PARK THEATRE closed on Tuesday evening last for the season; on which occasion the proceeds of the house were for the benefit of Mrs. Robbins, widow of the late scene-painter to that establishment.